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THE MAID OF SWITZERLAND.

A TALE.

In a delightful vale near the lake of Geneva resided Madame de Clemengis and her daughter. Monsieur de Clemengis had been dead some years.— They had formerly shone in the politest circles of fashion in the metropolis of France, but having lost the greatest part of their fortune by a law-suit, and feeling how differently every thing appears when fortune no longer gilds the scene, they gladly retired from a situation that served only to remind them of the splendour of that from which they had fallen; and which, though it had ceased to afflict them, they could not forbear sometimes regretting. Possessed however of liberal minds, and hearts of the most lively sensibility they soon found their retirement yielded pleasures more congenial to their dispositions than those they had so long blindly engaged in. They found sufficient resources from satiety or disgust by the education of their daughter, whose birth happened soon after their removal into Switzerland. Occupied in this pleasing employment, they felt their pleasures increase in proportion as each year added graces to her person, or unfolded the beauties of her mind. But this tranquil felicity, this temperate

enjoyment of happiness, was destined, like every thing sublunary, to be disturbed. Mons. de Clemengis was fond of herbalising: he had formed a pretty extensive herbal, which his greatest delight was to increase; it had almost become a passion with him.

One day amusing himself in his accustomed manner with wandering in search of plants to enrich his collection, he reached the summit of a mountain, on one side of which yawned a frightful precipice. Unfortunately, Mons. de Clemengis in looking down discovered a plant he had long been in search of; happy in having at length found it and eager for the possession, he stretched forth his hand and leaned part of his body over to seize it, when a piece of the rock giving away he fell in. Imagine, if possible, the grief, the unutterable anguish, of Madame de Clemengis on becoming acquainted with the dreadful accident; with the most ardent feelings, tenderly attached to a husband who adored her and who merited all her fondness—in that dreadful moment, when clasping her daughter to her bosom convulsed with anguish she bewailed the fate of her husband!—in that moment, when reason itself seems to yield its place to the acuter feelings of nature and the tyranny of the passions;—what but the aids of religion the most pure, and philosophy the most

solid, could have sustained and subdued such a mind so tried! Julia, though old enough to feel acutely her loss, yet was of that age when sorrow remains not long an inmate; a girl twelve years of age, though capable of feeling strongly, has too little reflection long to retain melancholy impressions. Julia, her own grief somewhat meliorated, helped to alleviate the pangs of her mother, and by degrees her affliction subsided into a calm but lasting regret. Time, though it could not obliterate, yet softened her sorrow. More than ever attached to her solitude, since death had deprived her of him who alone could make society pleasing to her, she devoted herself to the education of her daughter, who seemed destined to console her for what she had lost in her father. In the bosom of innocence their days glided on in a happy obscurity, undisturbed by the vicissitudes of hope or the languors of disappointment. Oh, happy state of serenity and repose! let the gay and ambitious, who glide along the stream of pleasure, or swell with the tide of fortune, condemn thee! They who have felt the mutability of her smiles know how to value thee.

One evening as they were taking their accustomed walk, Madame de Clemengis, somewhat wearied, proposed resting herself on the root of a tree that grew at the foot of a mountain, to which Julia acceding they seated themselves, and with rapture unspeakable surveyed the romantic country around them, whose wild beauties heightened by the gloom which the evening shades cast over them, gave those sweet transports, that soft enthusiasm, which the true sublime ever produces; it is then the heart feels itself expand, and the eyes are involuntarily suffused with tears excited by those delightful sensations. Nature always wonderful, some times stupendous, certainly no where displays more magnificence than in the noble extravagancies of this land of liberty. Julia, soon refreshed, prompted by curiosity ascended the mountain in order to view the adjacent country, whilst her mother remained seated. She had

scarcely gained the summit when she heard a noise, and turning her head perceived two persons struggling with each other; a moment afterwards one fell, when the other setting his knee on him that was fallen pointed a pistol to his breast. Julia, shocked and terrified, ran or rather flew down the hill to her mother, but so much agitated, that unable to relate what she had seen, she could only intreat her to call Ambrose (an honest Swiss, their domestic) who was at some little distance from them. Ambrose in an instant appeared; when, beckoning him to follow, she flew to the spot; but how was she dismayed, when she beheld only one of the two she had seen, who was extended on the earth apparently lifeless. Madame de Clemengis, astonished at the wildness of her daughter's manner, had followed, and now came up. On perceiving the object before them, she was almost as much terrified as Julia, but speedily recollecting herself, she examined the body, and perceived he was not dead, nor had received any material wound, but was only stunned with the violence of the blow he had received. She immediately ordered Ambrose to run home and fetch proper things to recover him. Remedies being applied he soon recovered, and with the assistance of Ambrose he was led to their dwelling. In their way the stranger endeavoured to express his gratitude for the tenderness and benevolence of his unknown benefactors; but Madame de Clemengis entreated him not to ascribe so much merit to an ordinary act of humanity. "Ah, Madam, (said he) it is not the action, but the manner in which it is performed, that stamps the obligation."

By this time they were at home, and the lights gave them an opportunity of seeing each other more clearly. The stranger appeared struck with the beauty and grace of Julia, whilst she seemed equally surprised and pleased with his air and person, which was graceful & elegant in the extreme. Madame de Clemengis, more astonished than either, could not help repeatedly looking at him as one whose person was familiar to her

He was now put to bed, and by the skill and care of Madame de Clemengis, whose knowledge of medicine was considerable, he was soon perfectly recovered. He then informed them he was a native of France, and by what means he came into that unfortunate situation they rescued him from. "I certainly," said he, "in some measure deserved the severe accident I met with, since it was partly occasioned by my own imprudence. But I know not how to feel that regret I ought for having committed a folly, since it has been productive of such happy consequences as introducing me to you, *Ladies*, or rather *Beings* whose benignity would almost make it pardonable in me to imagine myself in the regions of Fairy-land, and myself some highly-favoured prince conversing with the good genii of the mountains." Madame de Clemengis smiled at this gallant rhapsody, and he proceeded: "It was my design to make a tour of Italy, and I travelled as far as Avignon in the usual manner, when the whim seized me of pursuing my journey through Switzerland on foot. At the former place I took leave of the Marquis de Valmont, who accompanied me."—Madame de Clemengis started when the stranger mentioned the name of the Marquis de Valmont, something suggested an idea, in her mind. She enquired if he were related to the Marquis; he replied, he is my father, Madam, "What is it I see! Do I behold a nephew of Mons. de Clemengis?"—"Mons. de Clemengis!" reiterated he, "Ah, Madam is it possible! do I flatter myself when I think I see in the charming objects now before me those nearly connected with that uncle of whose fate every one is ignorant? How fortunate am I in this unexpected *rencontre*." Madame de Clemengis embraced him with transport as a nephew of her unfortunate husband's; and he, equally charmed, beheld with pleasure his new relations. Equally pleased with each other, Valmont continued with them long after the restoration of his health had left him without that plea for delaying his departure. Fond

of the society of Madame de Clemengis, whose company was as pleasing as her character was amiable, and becoming every day more enamoured of Julia, he would willingly have continued still longer with them, had he not been apprehensive his father would be offended at his not pursuing his tour.

Madame de Clemengis could not but perceive the growing attachment of both for each other, yet relying on the prudence of Julia and the honor of Valmont, she did not discourage their passion. Valmont, unreserved and open in the extreme in every other part of his conduct was by no means explicit on this; though his very looks spoke a language that might be construed into an avowal of love, yet his tongue was silent; nor did any thing escape his lips which could amount to a declaration of love. Obligated at length to depart, he took his leave of them without declaring his sentiments, but with an expression of grief and poignant distress, as unfeigned as touching, which penetrated the tender susceptible bosom of Julia, and gave additional strength to a passion already too deeply rooted.—Soon after his departure, Madame de Clemengis received a letter from him, in which he "lamented his absence from them as the severest affliction, and looked back with the fondest regret to those moments of exquisite pleasure he had enjoyed in their presence. Impatient to see them again, he was more eager to finish his tour than he had been to commence it; and he hoped, by the next spring to be able to return, when he should hasten with transport to throw himself at their feet."

Julia was delighted with this assurance of the certainty of seeing him again, but inwardly mourned the tedious months that must elapse ere she could have that satisfaction. The time to her dragged heavily along before the spring returned. At length it approached: Madame de Clemengis saw with concern how much she was interested in the hope of seeing Valmont. Fearful of the consequences of a passion which already appeared so powerful,

she trembled for her daughter, whose susceptibility exposed her to much severity of affliction should she suffer a disappointment, which Valmont's ambiguity rendered not an impossibility.

Filled with anxiety for her daughter, she saw him arrive with a concern and embarrassment she could not wholly suppress; but the candour and ingenuousness of Valmont's manners soon dissipated those fears a tender mother's solicitude had suggested; for such was the prevailing integrity and openness of his demeanor, that suspicion fled from his presence; and it was impossible when with him to doubt his truth for a moment. From this pleasing trait in his character, he never failed to attach those around him. Madame de Clemengis felt the affection of a mother for him, she made a thousand apologies for his mysterious conduct, without falling upon the true one.

Happy in again seeing him, Julia was all spirit and gaiety; but there soon followed a visible alteration; instead of joy and pleasure she seemed oppressed with a sadness and melancholy she could not shake off. Valmont too appeared gloomy and reserved; he lost his natural openness and vivacity. Madame de Clemengis was unable to account for this change in the disposition of both; but Valmont, by disclosing the situation of her heart, soon made her acquainted with the cause. After subduing the sensations of grief which seemed to rise with such force as almost to suppress the powers of utterance, he said, "I am going, before I leave you, (which will not be long,) first to open to you a heart, which though erring, is not wholly depraved; that feels severely the contumely I merit, for the duplicity of my conduct. I am sensible I hazard the loss of that esteem and regard you have honored me with, and which is dearer to me than my life, by disclosing to you how little I deserve it. Culpable however as I am in my own eyes, my heart is clear from the turpitude of premeditated baseness. I was compelled at an early age, by an austere and absolute father, in order to gratify his

ambition, to marry a woman I could not either love or esteem; whose temper as unamiable as her person, soon obliged me to separate from her. Thus I become single, though in wedlock, I seemed to forget my bondage, and almost persuaded myself I was wholly freed from the shackles of a forced union. But, alas! by a circumstance that makes it doubly insupportable, I am roused to the cruel reflection that I still wear the iron chains, forged by that hated marriage."

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNG BOSTONIAN'S LETTERS.

(Continued from our last.)

DESCRIPTION OF THE HIGHLANDS, &c.

Newburgh, Sept. 20, 1816.

As much as the scenery would permit, I wrote in the steam-boat yesterday, which landed us here after dark last evening. The river still retains its noble width. Nothing remarkable presented itself in our passing the island of New-York. There are a few rural and handsome seats; and where the forest trees are not left for shade or ornament, their places are supplied by the poplar of Lombardy, whose straight proportions and maypole height afford a poor contrast to the graceful willow, the melancholy pine, or to that queen of trees, the American elm.

But a spot on our left no American could pass without interest. On a wild part of the Jersey shore, a few miles from the city of New-York; out of sight of any house; where the trees nature planted, had not yielded to art; (are you thinking what it is, invests this rude, rocky wild with interest?)—this is the spot where Hamilton fell. I could hardly discover with the naked eye, the spire of his monument—for nature had skreened the ground by thick shrubbery, as though she could hide the fatal mistake her favorite son had committed. "O! what a fall was there." Colonel

Burr passed this place, returning from Albany yesterday. If his feelings are not steeled to humanity———but I would not censure a man in his old age, whose looks are stamped with woe—not embitter, if I could, the remnant of those days, which are all he can expect to pass in this world with even a tolerable degree of comfort. But, shade of Hamilton! who can view thy monument without regret. In one moment fell the general, the politician, the orator, the financier! Ah, while on the bosom of the river, in a little skiff, why could not the Hudson for once have spoken with the voice of its waters, and whispered a God in his ear! Why did not nature endue the shore he trod for the last time, with a monitory voice, and bid the breezes speak to Hamilton; But he is gone! "His heart and hand both open and both free" are cold. Lifeless is the eye of benevolence; still is that once eloquent tongue, cold as the marble which covers his grave—is the finger which guided the pen—[Shall I say of a Chatham?—No, it was the pen of a Hamilton; and withered is the arm which wielded the sword (it is praise enough) by the side of Washington.

I recollect when the Centinel, which announced his death, was shrouded in black: I instinctively cried, although hardly six years old;—for I had heard of the frankness and generosity of Gen. Hamilton; and as all spoke of his loss, I, though unable to estimate his worth, felt a vague regret and indefinite sympathy;—Where parents were sad, babes might weep—himself, as Burke says of his son, "a salient, I regretted I had not seen him. He had a living spring of generous manly action." He had—do I say? Blessed be God! the mind Hamilton made great, a greater than Hamilton has made immortal. He still lives. He lives in his works—He lives in Heaven.

Twelve miles from the city, on the Jersey shore, commence a chain of rocks from three to five hundred feet high, and a dozen miles in length called the Palisadoes. Here and there passages of eight or ten feet wide are worn

in the strata (which is of granite) by the wood thrown from the summits. Such a shore gives boldness and grandeur to the scene. On the other side are the remains of a fort, Washington built, which is said to be the only mistake he committed during the revolution. Below this height are now two fisherman's huts of thatch, which look like poverty personified.

At Philipsburg the land appeared rich and well cultivated; and in the neighborhood of Sing-Sing the scenery is interesting. The mountains are lofty, very abrupt, and covered with fine trees, whose once green foilage the frost had changed into all the variegated hues of autumn, & rendered prematurely beautiful.

We passed the Highlands, the American Gibraltar, at the edge of evening. They are fifty miles from New-York. On their entrance the river narrows so suddenly, and turns almost a right angle so abruptly, that Hudson supposed he was at the head of navigation.

The river's bason is so far below the heads of the Highlands, it was dusky with us; and it was an enchanting sight to observe these sublime mountains, as their peaks were gilded by the last rays of nature's great painter.

There is a turnpike on the side of these hills; and a few cultivated fields near their summits; what these can thrive upon beside air, I can hardly conjecture. The rains must wash most of the soil from their tops to their bases.

The entrance of this noble streight is seven hundred feet in height. Sugar Loaf and St. Anthony's Nose, are said to be about seven hundred feet.

As we passed, the sights pointed out the barracks and town of West-Point: both on very elevated ground. It must be a post well fitted to form a soldier, and a spot well adapted for a post too, (though not for a modern one.) Beyond West-Point is Butterhill, the king of the scene. He rears his head several hundred feet above the boldest of his subjects. From his foot to his crown, measures above fifteen hundred feet.

We reached this place in safety ; and
my eyes were as weary, and glad to be
closed, as yours will be rejoiced to read
Your dutiful son,

(To be Continued.)

Believing any thing that relates to the Cu-
riosities or Aborigines of our Country
will be read with interest, we present the
following, from the "PORT FOLIO," of
July last.

OF THE ABORIGINES OF THE WEST- ERN COUNTRY.

IN removing an artificial mound in
Chillicothe in 1813, there was found in
its bottom a piece of copper, encrusted
with *erugo* half an inch thick ; it con-
sisted of thin plates of copper rolled
up, enclosing each other.—It was about
three inches in length, and one fourth
of an inch in thickness ; the copper re-
markably pure and fine ; the *lamina*, or
plates, about twenty in number. They
had been smelted and prepared in a
workmanlike manner, and ingeniously
folded up in a single piece. As this
specimen of copper is justly ascribed to
aborigines, it enters into the controver-
sy in regard to the Asiatic and Europe-
an origin of the aborigines. It is a ma-
nifestly trifling thing to ascribe this cop-
per to a Welsh colony of the eleventh
century ; but the difficulty is entirely
removed by supposing it to have an
Asiatic origin. Brass and copper were
in use at a very early period in Asia,
and may be traced as far back as *Tu-
bal-Cain*.—Brass not being found in na-
ture, but made of copper, affords a pre-
sumption that there were workmen in
copper at that period.—The copper *la-
mina*, found at Chillicothe, considered
as a precious memorial, might have de-
scended through several centuries, and
might have once been in the hands of a
people more refined than those aborigi-
nal Asiatics to whom it is referred. It
was a custom in heathen nations to
bury with their chiefs, not only pieces
of armour, but memorials which were
preserved or worn by way of ornament.

In removing the same mound in Chi-
licothe, a beautiful piece of marble was
taken up in 1814, and is now in the pos-
session of a gentleman at Chillicothe.
This marble piece was undoubtedly
made and used for ornament, being per-
forated ingeniously with loop holes for
fastening. It is apparent that these
loop holes must have been executed by
some instrument for boring, as the ex-
actness appears to be inexplicable upon
any other supposition. This marble
piece is about five inches in length, flat
on one side, and oval on the other,
having an increasing width at the mid-
dle. The ends are apparently cut and
squared with some implement used for
that purpose. The marble has a dark dun
colour, but the veins of the stone are
very distinct. We do not deny but the
present race of Indians have exercised
a degree of skill equal to that which is
exhibited by this piece of marble, but
not in the use of those instruments
which we have supposed to have been
necessary in this case. It is likewise to
be remarked, that these Indians are not
in the practice of using this kind of or-
nament. Had marble of this descripti-
on been more common in the western
country, occupying a position nearer the
surface of the earth, and not buried in
mounds, we might have ascribed them to
the present race of Indians, or their im-
mediate predecessors. Humboldt says
of the aboriginal Mexicans, that they
were in the practice of accomplishing
the most curious carvings with a poor
knife and upon a hard substance ; and
between the aboriginal Mexicans and
the aborigines of the western country,
it may be remembered that we have
not admitted any great distinction.

On the bank of the Scioto river, just
above Chillicothe, a very large lime-
stone rock was broken down for lime.
In the body of this rock, twelve or fif-
teen inches below the surface, three
brass screws were found, a half an inch
in length. One was in a state of pre-
servation ; the other two were marred
by the injuries of time and accident.
This it seems was a solid limestone rock,
and not perforated to any depth. There

are portions of limestone in the western country which are unquestionably of a secondary nature, and have formed or increased since the original creation. These screws, however, laid upon a bare rock, would hardly obtain, by any process of nature, such a durable covering. We are under the pleasing necessity of alleging, that these pieces of brass were by some means secured in the limestone rock, or that one rock had been placed upon another, enclosing the screws, and that the rocks had formed a natural union. Such an inseparable union of two rocks would require a length of time perhaps equal to that of the secondary formation of twelve or fifteen inches of limestone. We may therefore allow to these screws their proper antiquity, and ascribe the fact to the aborigines. Nothing can be more indicative of art and knowledge than the production of a regular and ingenious brass screw.

On the little Miami, about four miles above Waynesville, in the neighborhood of Mr. J. Vance, some moss and mud were removed to open a spring, and in doing this the workmen struck, to their astonishment upon a *regular stone wall*. The ground here might have become, in a great measure, alluvial in half a century; but the fact of there being such a wall, and its nature, indicate *great antiquity*, and the existence of a people differing materially, in regard to knowledge, from the present race of Indians. A regular stone wall has not, in any one instance, been attempted by the present race of Indians.

A Mr. Sinks, had a well sunk in the village of Williamsburg, on the east fork of the Little Miami, and in passing down, the workmen pierced through different strata of *clay, sand, gravel and stones* which had the appearance of having been prepared and used. They then continued to the depth of thirty-five or forty feet to the extremity of a *regular stone pavement*, extending nearly across the diameter of the well, the stones of which bore evident impressions of having been subject to labor. They were fitted to their places, and

appeared to have been trodden by human feet. Two or three feet below this pavement they came to a poplar log, and soon after a quantity of water, which rose so unexpectedly as to bury the workmen's tools.

In digging another well in the same village, at the depth of fifteen feet, the workmen struck upon a stamp which had been cut, but it was so much injured by time, that the species of wood could not be discerned.

In a well dug in the same village, at the depth of twenty-six or thirty-six feet, the workmen came to a fire place, charcoal and firebrands carefully laid together and desinged to be burnt or kindled.

Our diggings in some of these mounds have been followed by the discovery of *coals* arranged in a particular manner, with layers of earth, so as to indicate the burning of a *sacrifice*, but without detaining the reader with any conjectures upon this point, we would offer an extract from Dr. Lowth, which seems to be the most probable account of this discovery.

"The burning of heaps of armour, gathered from the field of battle, as an offering made to the god supposed to be the giver of victory, was a custom that prevailed among some heathen nations; and the Romans used it as an emblem of peace. A medal, struck by Vespasian, represented the goddess of Peace, with a lighted torch in one hand, setting fire to a heap of armour.—There are notices of some such practice among the Israelites. See Josh. 11, 8. Nahum 2, 13. Psalm 46, 9. Ezek. 39, 8—10.

Those facts are not unimportant, and serve to designate some of the characteristic features of the aborigines.

A Mr. McKibbin at the head of the east fork of Little Miami, thirty miles above Williamsburg, wishing to obtain water in a place, which had been the resort of deer as a lick, selected a spot where he conceived he saw the best vein for water, commenced digging, and passed down about two and a half feet, when he came to some logs

of wood, and breaking through, fell into the water to his neck. Having regained his standing, he cautiously removed the timber, and found the cavity to be an old well, 3 or 4 feet in diameter. The walls of the well were smooth, and appeared to have been filled with beautiful clean sand and gravel to within four or five feet of the top, which had been covered with logs. Having removed the gravel and sand, he immersed a sycamore, and filled up the excavation around it, leaving three feet. The water is fine, impregnated with iron and fixed air.

In the same neighborhood there has been discovered another ancient well, three feet in diameter, walled up with stone. Either from design or accident it had been filled up with earth near the top. This well is yet to be opened and examined.

(To be concluded in our next.)

From the Massachusetts Spy,

THE LOUNGER.

"To sleep—perchance to dream."—

I HAVE often wondered that DREAMS are, by many people, so seldom considered in any other light than as ominous of future good or ill; that they are so much oftener the objects of terror than delight. When the body is supine and almost inanimate, the reflection that the spirit may then be most actively employed in the full and unmolested exercise of its highest faculties, is calculated strongly to impress us with the truth, that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made." This reflection also furnishes us with an argument in favor of the immortality of the soul. That the mind is never asleep, that its operations are never wholly prevented by the infirmities of the body, is a truth of which, I apprehend, any person may, by observation and reflection, be convinced. Its high destination, therefore, is beyond doubt, if not controversy.

But I do not design to engage in a metaphysical investigation, nor to say

any thing upon the ominous character which many people attach to dreams. I leave the former to more speculative writers, and the latter for more interesting discussion at the nursery fire-side. It will be a more interesting task to consider the subject in other points of view.

An acquaintance of mine, who was excessively fond of his pillow, used to justify his attachment to it on the ground of his love for poetry. He used to say that the imagination was clogged by the heavy matter with which it was encumbered; so that, when his senses were awake, it was always dull and drowsy. But the moment he sunk into the arms of sleep, he was transported into the gay and romantic regions of fancy.—Earth and reality are forgotten. He rambled through groves, enlivened by the music of ten thousand birds breathing the perfume of countless flowers and cooled by innumerable streams and cascades that rippled & disported around him.—At other times, he was seated by the side of some torrent, boiling, foaming, roaring over rocks, while all around, far as eye could survey, was calm and tranquil and serene—not an echo to disturb the flocks grazing on the hills—not a breath of wind to agitate the leaves of the forest—nor a cloud to deform the fair face of the sky.—Again, he would find himself among beings, enjoying unmingled and uninterrupted felicity; in a region where, as in the fabled golden age, the fruits of the earth were of spontaneous growth; where no beasts of prey prowled round their dwellings, or broke in upon the security of their herds; where the follies and crimes so prevalent on our earth were never known; where ambition or envy never destroyed the peace of individuals, nor suspicion or jealousy ever marred the comfort of families, nor scandal or ill-nature ever poisoned the endearments of social life; where *insincerity never lessened the influence of one sex, nor caprice diminished the respect for the other*; where the happiness of each individual was increased by knowing and participating the happiness of all.—It was for the enjoyment of

such scenes, he would say that he slept while others were awake. "Others might sleep to live—he slept to dream."

It is probably unnecessary to tell my readers that all this fancy heated description was merely an apology for indolence. But rhapsodical as it is, and too high-coloured as it is for a faithful picture, it may serve to represent some of the PLEASURES OF DREAMING.

There are few to whom the visions of sleep have not afforded exquisite pleasure. To dream of home, of absent friends, of scenes of joy never to return but in imagination, has happened to almost every one. To none did such visions ever seem too long—none ever awoke from them that did not wish to sleep and dream again.

But however pleasant to dream of pleasant subjects, our dreams are not within our control. The imagination shakes off its trammels, and ranges wherever it pleases. It as often chooses to "ride on the whirlwind," as to float on the breeze. Visions of horror force themselves upon us, and terror robs our sleep of repose. Robbers waylay us, wild beasts pursue us; our friends prove treacherous, our brothers aim the dagger at our bosoms. To some these visions are so frequent, that they shudder when closing their eyes, and look anxiously forward to the moment when morning shall rid them of their fears.

Yet though we cannot control our dreams, they are within our influence. Their character depends much upon the temper of mind and habit of the body; and much upon the manner in which we are in the habit of regarding them. An unpleasant dream, if pondered on and related, will very probably make repeated visits under the same or a similar form. People who regard dreams as ominous, and of course cherish the remembrance of them, are most liable to be troubled in this manner. It is, therefore, never worth while to consider them of serious importance; but rather to enjoy them when pleasant, and when unpleasant to banish them altogether from our thoughts. A habit of doing so may be easily acquired; and

when acquired, there will be less and less occasion for its exercise.

It is unnecessary to repeat the remark which is so often made, that a "conscience void of offence" has a happy influence upon dreams: of this truth every one is aware. But something more is necessary in order to exclude those which are unpleasant. A contented and cheerful mind, as well as a good conscience, is necessary. A habit of gloomy thinking will assuredly occasion dismal, if not horrid, dreams to its possessor.

But I fancy I hear you, Mr. Editor, as well as the warning clock, admonishing me that it is time to desist, before my readers nod over the page, and fall to *dreaming* in order to test the justice of my remarks.—Pleasant dreams to them.

CHEMISTRY.

THE ardour, with which chemistry has lately been cultivated, is unprecedented in the history of science; and, as a natural consequence of this ardour, chemistry from an art has assumed one of the highest niches in the temple of science. Considered merely as an art, the prosperity of our country is in a great measure indebted to it, for its use in agriculture, and many of our principal manufactures. From searching the deepest mines for sulphur and bitumen, carbon and coal, and along the sea-shore for amber, the chemist proceeds to the search of metallic ores. In imagination, he traverses the banks of the rivers of Asia, America, and Africa, in search of gold; flies to the mines of Potosi for silver; and on the shores of the Pinto picks the ore of platinum. For mercury he travels to Spain, to Hungary, and Peru; while for copper and iron, lead and zinc, he wanders among the caves and rocks of primitive mountains.

In search of simple stones, he flies to Pegu for sapphire;—to Ceylon for the ruby; to the granite rocks of Siberia for the topaz; to Iceland for chalcodony;—to Switzerland for the moon stone; and into Tartary for the beryl.

For salines and aggregates, he traverses the wildest plains, and derives enjoyment from the common soil of the earth; for sand and clay, and chalk and loam, are as grateful to the eye of a chemist, as the richest forest or the greenest meadow. Connected with all the principal phenomena of nature, chemistry illustrates every department of the material world, and awakens the most enlarged conceptions, of the skill, with which the simplest methods are employed to produce a great, a comprehensive and decisive end.

ARCHITECTURE.

—Where most magnificent appears
The little builder—MAN—

Is one of those arts by which a nation indicates its progress in refinement.—‘The history of architecture,’ say a modern writer,* like that of the other arts, marks out the progression of manners. Among the *Dorians* it carried with it the austerity of their national character, which displayed itself in their language and music. The *Ionians* added to its original simplicity and elegance which has excited the universal admiration of posterity. The *Corinthians*, a rich and luxurious people, not contented with former improvements, extended the art to the very verge of vicious refinement; and thus (so connected in their origin are the arts, so similar in their progress and revolutions) the same genius produced those three characters of style in architecture which Dionysius of Halicarnassus, one of the most judicious critics of Greece, remarked in its language. The *Dorians* exhibited an order of building like the style of their Pindar—like Eschylus—like Thucydides. The *Corinthians* gave their architecture that appearance of delicacy & effeminate refinement which characterizes the language of Isocrates. But the *Ionians* struck out that happy line of beauty which, partaking of the one without its harshness, and the ele-

ance of the other without its luxuriance, exhibited that perfection of style which is adjudged to Homer and his best imitators.’

OFFERINGS TO GUNGA.

Mr William Carey who is at Cutwa, communicates the following account of savage offerings made to the Ganges:

On the 2d of March, at the Varoonee Festival, a large concourse of Hindoos assembled from all parts of the adjoining country, to bathe in the Ganges, a village about two miles from Serampore. While the crowd were employed in bathing, an inhabitant of Orissa advanced to the banks of the river, leading in his hand his son, a beautiful boy, of about six years of age. Having anointed his body with turmeric, and surrounded his temples with a garland of flowers, and clothed him in new apparel, he repeated the incantations prescribed by the Shaster: then descending into the river, and holding up his son in his arms he said “O Mother Ganges, this child is thine: to thee I offer it.” So saying, he cast the little boy into the river, who sunk, and rose no more. The crowd testified their approbation, by crying out, “Huribul!” It appears that, several years back, the parent being desirous of children, promised to offer his first born to Gunga, should the goddess be propitious to his wishes.

Another man of the same place having performed the usual ceremonies, to prevent the intervention of his relatives, carried his son, a lad about 12 years old, in a boat to the middle of the stream and there dropped him in. The child struggled for some time, and was happily discovered by some one passing, who rescued it from death.

An infant was also cast into the river by its mother, at the same time; but the relatives recovered it, and carried it home.

An honest trader is as glad in detecting an error on the credit, as on the debit side of his accounts.

* Burgess on the study of Antiquities.

VARIETY.

CARD EXTRAORDINARY.

Sampy Sonnet, sole executor and residuary legatee of the late Mr. Jarman, chimney-sweeper, begs leave to inform the ladies and gentlemen of Penzance, that he has succeeded to the brushes and brooms, and (he humbly hopes) to the abilities of his benefactor. —Sampy flatters himself, that those ladies and gentlemen, who may favour him with their commands, will see his efforts marked by the same *nicety of touch, dexterity of manner, precision of movement, and harmony of handling*, which distinguished the execution of his never-to-be sufficiently lamented predecessor.

Among his sires
In yonder grove the druid sleeps ;
But blaze, ye fires,
For in his room
A Sampy wields the broom,
And with a kindred skill, a kindred genius, sweeps.

N. B.—Smokey chimneys cured on Count Rumford's principles. Grates fixed, and their aperient angels ascertained with the greatest accuracy, whether intended for *culinary* or for *vestal* purposes—to roast a goose, or warm an old maid.

Faversham in Kent, (Eng.) Feb. 10, 515.

Old Harwood had two daughters by his first wife, the eldest of whom was married to John Coshick the son, and the youngest to John Coshick the father. This Coshick, the father, had a daughter by his first wife, whom old Harwood married, and by her had a son ; therefore Coshick the father's second wife could say as follows :

My father is my son, and I my mother's mother. My sister is my daughter, and I'm grand-mother to my brother.

ANECDOTE.

A celebrated Belle, in one of the Southern cities, who attracted very general admiration for her vivacity and

fine person, was addressed among others by an old beau. This gentleman possessed great gallantry of disposition, and not a little vanity, and one day after taking the hand of the lady, he ventured to touch her arm, and said—'How does that feel, my dear?' 'It feels as if *old age* was *creeping* upon me'—quickly replied the lady.

ANECDOTE OF M. LE BRUN, THE CELEBRATED PAINTER.

Le Brun used to say frequently, that he formed his studies from objects which he occasionally met with. A friend once observed him standing at the corner of a street, fixed in deep attention on the quarrel of two drunken men, who had just left a neighboring public house. The wives and children of each party soon joined them, and espoused the interests of their respective relations. He noted the fury of the combatants ; the various changes produced in their countenances by passion ; and the different attitudes by which they expressed their rage, or their concern ; the gradual decrease of animosity, and the calm that preceded and terminated the conflict. He confessed to his friend that no ancient models whatever could produce such strong effects on the mind and fancy as these lively representations of real nature.

MORAL SENTIMENTS.

To silence the imagination, is a task to which reason alone, in its present slavery to the secret workings of the will, is incompetent : this, to the attentive observer, is one proof among many, that the rectification of our nature depends on the resubjection of our wills to the Divine will, without which, whatever our ideas and opinions may be, or however specious the appearances we may assume ; we are yet far short of perfect redemption.

Unassuming modesty and diffidence, engage that respect and attention, which is often refused to positive assertion and confidence.

Seat of the Muses.

The author of the following poetry, is about publishing a volume of his effusions. If his description of the "Isle of Flowers," is a specimen of his poetical abilities, no other recommendation is necessary to secure his book an extensive perusal, and establish his fame as a poet.—ÆGIS.

"THE ISLE OF FLOWERS."

BY N. H. WRIGHT.

"It is reported by travellers, that there is a small island in Lake Huron, remarkable for its romantick scenery. Its shores are composed of granite, which defends it from the encroachments of the waves; and its verdure is represented the most luxuriant that can be imagined. The Indians suppose it the residence of a good spirit, and denominate it *The Isle of Flowers*."

ANON.

In Huron's wave, a lovely Isle
Gems the blue water's vast expanse—
There Nature wears her sweetest smile,
And sun-beams o'er her beauties dance.

In vain the angry billows beat
Against its rock-encircled shore;
The spray but makes its blossoms sweet,
Expanding mid the tempest's roar.

But when the winds and waves are hush'd,
And evening's shade is stealing on—
When the last beams of day have blush'd,
And Hesper mounts his cloudless throne—

How gently weep the dews of night,
Which bow the slender hare-bell's head,
And falling noiseless, sweetly light
Upon the spotless lily's bed.

O! were but man like that fair isle,
In vain should trouble's tempests gleam;
Hope's fairest flow'rs around should smile,
And Faith and Resignation bloom.

When Life's last ling'ring beam should fade,
The radiant STAR OF PEACE would rise,
And DEWS OF GRACE, at evening shade,
His spirit nurture for the skies.

The following beautiful lines are extracted from the "Isle of Palms," By JOHN WILSON, esq. They present a lively picture, imaged by a mind enamoured of the lovely simplicity of nature, and coloured by a pencil familiar with her scenes of simple yet sublime magnificence.

Oh! many are the beauteous isles,
Unknown to human eye,
That sleeping 'mid the ocean-smiles,
In happy silence lie,
The ship may pass them in the night,
Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight
Is resting on the main,—
Some wandering ship who hath lost her way,
And never, or by night or day,
Shall pass these isles again.

There, groves that bloom in endless spring,
Are rustling to the radiant wing
Of birds, in various plumage, bright
As rainbow-hues, or dawning light.
Soft-falling showers of blossoms fair
Float ever on the fragrant air,
Like showers of vernal snow.
And from the fruit-tree, spreading tall,
The richly-ripen'd clusters fall
Oft as sea-breezes blow.

The sun and clouds alone possess
The joy of all that loveliness:
And sweetly to each other smile,
The live-long day—sun, cloud and isle,
How silent lies each shelter'd bay!
No other visitors have they
To their shores of silvery sand,
Than the waves that, murmuring in their
glee,
All hurrying in a joyful band,
Come dancing from the sea.

From the Exeter Watchman.

TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

MINSTREL of nature! when thy song
Seem'd breathing from some heavenly
sphere,
Pass'd it the gale of night along,
To mourn a sister-spirit here?

So sweetly on the ear it rose,
As some celestial soul had fled,
While angels hymn'd its last repose,
And blest the slumbers of the dead!

For, oft, they say, near beauty's grave,
The silver chorded lyre of heaven
Sounds gently o'er the midnight wave,
And speaks of peace and faults forgiven!

When call'd to nature's lowly breast,
"Wilt thou, sweet mourner," breathing near,
Still mildly murmur o'er my rest
The pensive musick, once so dear?

Then should some airy spirit there
Descend and bless my humble tomb;
And spring bestow with annual care,
Her earliest flowers, her emerald bloom.

Harp of the winds! the gates of heaven
Might surely move to sounds like thine;
And hope display, in shades of even,
The spirit's flight to realms divine.

VERSES—By Dr. DWIGHT.

Look, lovely maid, on yonder flower,
And see that busy fly,
Made for the enjoyment of an hour,
And only born to die.

See, round the rose he lightly moves,
And wantons in the sun,
His little life in joy improves,
And lives, before 'tis gone.

From this instinctive wisdom, learn
The present hour to prize;
Nor leave to-day's supreme concern,
'Till morrow's morn arise.

Say, loveliest fair, can'st thou divine
That morrow's hidden doom?
Know'st thou if cloudless skies will shine,
Or heaven be wrapt in gloom?

Fond man, the trifle of a day,
Enjoys the morning light,
Nor knows his momentary play
Must end before 'tis night.

The present joys are all we claim;
The past are in the tomb;
And, like the poet's dream of fame,
The future never come.

No longer, then, fair maid delay
The promis'd scenes of bliss;
Nor idly give another day,
The joys assign'd to this.

If then my breast can soothe thy care,
'Twill now that care allay;
If joy this hand can yield, my fair,
'Twill yield that joy to-day.

Quit then, oh quit! thou lovely maid,
Thy bashful, virgin pride;
To-day the happy plot be laid,
The bands, to-morrow tied.

The purest joys shall be our own,
That e'er to man were given;
And those bright scenes, on earth begun,
Shall brighter shine in heaven.

ORIGINAL AND SUBLIME.

From the Baltimore Telegraph.

Soft the flowing breezes shine,
Purling through the arch divine,
Where nature paints around;
The stealing music gleams along,
In all the fragrance of the song,
When lambent joys abound.

Nor less resplendent o'er the vale
We see expand the lunar gale,
The treasures of the day;
The bright-hair'd zephyrs fade awhile
Ere peace can turn an orient smile,
Loquacious as the ray.

So glide away the fumes of bliss,
Soft twinkling in the round abyss,
Voluminous and grand—
Then should the wheeling comet stray,
And ride tempestuous through the day,
Recumbent orbs shall stand.

Then let the azure moments rise
With all their white enamelled skies
Beneath we fear no power;
Eliza thou can ever yield
The rosy verdure of the field,
With aromatic dower.

THE LUCKLESS SKATER.

Sammy Snip went to skate, where, the ice
being loose,
He fell in: but was sav'd by good luck
Cried the tailor, "I'll never more leave my
hot goose,
To receive in return, a cold duck."

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1817.

Intelligence.

Trade of the Port of New-York for 1816—There entered the port of New-York between the 1st of January and 31st December inclusive :

	ships.	brigs.	sch'rs. &c.
American	599	471	1738
British	64	136	93
Russia	—	—	1
Sweden	4	0	0
Portugal	0	2	1
France	3	6	2
Spain	1	10	2
Prussia	0	1	0

Total, 471 676 1842
Grand Total, 2999.

A serious rebellion has recently taken place at Princeton College, (N J.) It is said to have originated in the Junior Class, and that it afterwards embraced a majority of all the Students. The alledged cause is said to be arbitrary measures on the part of some of the Faculty. The exercises of the college are postponed for a short time, the Trustees have been called together, for the purpose of expelling the ringleaders, and re-organizing the institution.

Gambling is about to receive a serious check in Kentucky, if a bill before the legislature shall become a law. It requires an oath to be taken by every person accepting a civil or military office, that he will not, during his continuance in office, bet any money or property on any game at hazard, or in any other manner, *shooting at a mark excepted.*

We are informed, by a gentleman, who witnessed the phenomenon, that on the 8th of this month, about eleven o'clock, a sudden agitation of the Delaware took place, to such a degree that vessels at the wharves were violently tossed about, and the tide swelled upwards of 12 inches. The gentleman who made this remark, observes, that as an earthquake was experienced

to the Southward on the same day, it is most probable the effect on the Delaware was the reverberation or concussion of the earth operating upon the watery element—*Philadelphia pap.*

FEMALE DUELLING!

We understand, that last week, a point of honor was decided between two ladies, near the South-Carolina line. The details of this grand affair have not yet reached town. It is said that the cause of quarrel, was the usual one in such cases, viz. *love*. The object of the rival affections of these fair champions, was present on the field, as the mutual arbiter in the dreadful combat. He had the grief of beholding one of the suitors for his favor fall before his eyes. She was wounded—but, we understand, not mortally.—The whole business was managed with all the inflexibility and decorum usually practised on such occasions. The conqueror is to be immediately married to the innocent second, conformably to the previous conditions of the duel.—*Fayetteville paper.*

For Hucksters—Howard vs Phillips.

This was a case of some importance to the public. The defendant, a walking poulterer, was summoned by the plaintiff, a widow lady residing near the asylum, to shew cause why he did not pay back to her 4s which he had obtained from her, under false representations. The plaintiff stated that the defendant called at her house on Wednesday last, and inquired if she wanted a fine fowl, as he had some he could recommend.—She desired he would select her one she might depend upon as being good and young. He accordingly picked out one which he said he could recommend as being a young one, and she took it upon his recommendation and paid him 4s. At dinner, however, to her great dismay, on attempting to carve this delicate young chicken, she discovered that so great an attachment had the bones and joints, formed to each other from long acquaintance, that they successfully re-

isted all attempts to separate them, and she was obliged to give over the attempt—A favorite pug dog was then allowed to commence his operations upon the breast, but so thick was the skin, and so solid the flesh, that he after much labor found himself foiled, as his mistress had been before him. On the following day the plaintiff applied to the defendant, sending back the fragments of the *young chicken*, and desiring to have her money back again; but the defendant positively refused either to receive back his property, or to refund the money he had received, upon which refusal the plaintiff summoned him.

Mrs. Howard's servant corroborated her statement, and added, that defendant, as he was quitting the house, desired her to boil the fowl double the time her mistress told her, because it was a *large one*. It was accordingly boiled more than double the usual time.

The defendant did not attempt to deny that the fowl was an old one, but said he was himself deceived by the person of whom he purchased it, and the plaintiff having seen it before she paid for it, could not complain of any imposition being practised upon her.

The court, however, decided that the defendant should refund the 4s. and pay all the costs. It was plain that when he sold the fowl he was aware of the imposition he was practising. He had given evidence of this himself by desiring the servant to boil it longer than the usual time. At the same time, however, that the court thus gave judgment against the defendant, they could not avoid censuring, to a certain extent, the plaintiff and all those who encouraged persons of the defendant's description, by dealing with them.—Little doubt could exist in the mind of any one that most of the fowls thus hawked about the streets were stolen, at least by those who sold them to the hawkers; and whilst thieves could find so ready a market for their plunder, there was little chance that the robbing of fowl-houses would be put an end to.

The defendant being informed that

unless the debt and costs were immediately paid, an execution would forthwith issue against him, paid the sum demanded and departed.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Jean Strens, of Brussels, to Miss Louisa Elizabeth Rousseau La Gauthrie, of the Island of St Domingo.

By the rev. Mr. Whelpley, capt. Luther Leonard, of the U. S. Lt. Artillery, to Miss Margaret Gentley, of this city.

Mr. Marcus Jacob, of London, to Miss Grace Augusta Zontz, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Bourke, Mr. William H. Sparks, to Miss Leah Jeroleman, of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Mathews, Mr. George Pryor, to Miss Eliza Randolph, daughter of Lewis Randolph, all of this city.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 90 persons from the 4th to the 18th inst.

DIED.

Mrs. Sally Thorne, wife of Mr. William W. Thorne.

Miss Esther Stanton, daughter of William Stanton, aged 27.

Mrs. Bridget Tillary, wife of Dr. James Tillary, aged 55.

Mrs. Elizabeth Guest, wife of John Guest, aged 62.

Mr. Thomas Healy, aged 50.

Miss Ann Marsh, daughter of the late Joseph Marsh, aged 18.

Mr. Griffiths Thomas.

Mr. James Gallagher, aged 41.

Mr. Jonathan Mix, aged 63.

Mr. James M'Lean, aged 27.

Mr. William Miller, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city, aged 72.

Mrs. Sarah Cameron, wife of Mr. Daniel Cameron.

Henry Y. Bishop, eldest son of Mr. Daniel L. Bishop, aged 12.

Mr. Matthew Barnard Mott, eldest son of Mr. Samuel Mott, aged 22.

Mrs. Catherine Terheun, wife of Mr. John Terheun, aged 69.

At Philadelphia, suddenly, the honourable ALEXANDER JAMES DALLAS, in the 65th year of his age.

From the Connecticut Courant.

PERVERSION OF THE END OF EDUCATION.

Next to the inculcation of pure evangelical morals, and of the doctrines of our holy religion, the end of education, especially as respects the common as well as the poorer classes, is to render our children the more capable of helping themselves, in this world of "thorns and thistles," of labour, toil and hardships. Many, however, at the present day, seem to be but the more helpless for their learning.

What an inspired apostle asserted so many centuries ago, namely, that *knowledge puffeth up*, seems, in abundance of instances to have a striking applicableness to the feelings of this scornful generation. Knowledge is the boast of our times; but a great part of it is of the *puffing up* sort, which produces in the minds of its subjects an absurd feeling of contempt for the ordinary occupations of life.

No sooner has a boy obtained what we call an education, than he scorns labouring with his hands. "Dig he cannot"—not that he lacks health, or nerve; but because he thinks it a burning shame. If he has passed through the several forms of an academy, and especially if he has passed some four, or three, or even two years, at any one of our numerous colleges, so that the superb initials A. M. or A. B. are suffixed to his name, scarcely would a grandee of Spain feel himself more degraded by employing his hands in common labour. What! shall one who knows Latin and Greek, earn his bread by the sweat of his face? No matter though he be needy, though there be no room for him in any of the learned professions so called, and though he come short as a schoolmaster—even in this desperate plight, almost would he starve, and see his children starve, rather than be a tiller and harvester of the ground, like men of less learning.

So again, a young Miss of excellent education, that is to say, an education of the fashionable cast, loses by it her

hands. She will vouchsafe, indeed, to employ her pretty fingers, now and then, in fancy work for amusement; but in nothing that is really useful—in nothing that earns bread—in nothing that can turn to any valuable account. Peradventure she is belonging to a family in impoverished circumstances; peradventure her condition is such as pressingly calls for the useful labor of her hands. It makes no odds. She is not of the labouring class, but far above it. *She do the common work of womankind!* she who had been so long at the boarding-school, and so long under the hands of the dancing and the music masters! The idea is monstrous.

I freely and gladly admit that there are many exceptions; but the representation I have made is just in the main, or else my optics deceive me. It is now high time to set to rights this erroneous notion of honor and of shame.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

MORAL SENTIMENTS.

The most dangerous persecutions are not those which afflict the body, but those which tempt us to a violation of peace, and a good conscience; for when these pleasing inmates are wilfully parted with, even outward afflictions press upon us with a double force, and the poor mind, like a vessel at sea that has lost both rudder and compass, seems left to the sport of the winds and waves.

Rules, unsupported by sound principles, are calculated rather to enforce obedience, than to produce conviction and improve the understanding.

THE MUSEUM

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